

By James Reed.

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VOLUME XII. NO. 8.

ASHTABULA, O., SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 1, 1862.

WHOLE NUMBER 636.

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DR. P. M'DONALD, Physician and Surgeon, Ashtabula, O. 63

A. BARRETT, Mechanical and Surgical Dentist, second floor Flax's Block, Ashtabula, Ohio. 64

G. W. FOSTER, Eclectic Physician and Surgeon, Geneva, Ohio. 65

Attorneys.

O. H. & R. H. FITCH, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, Flax's Block, Ashtabula, Ohio. 66

SHERMAN FARMER & HALL, Attorneys, Ashtabula, Ohio. 67

CHARLES BOOTH, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Ashtabula, Ohio. 68

W. B. CHAPMAN, Attorney at Law—Union of the Peace, Commissioner of Deeds for Michigan and Iowa. Office three doors east of the Tremont House, Ashtabula, O. 69

M. B. GARY, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Geneva, O. All business solicited him will be promptly attended to. 70

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Merchants.

MEADVILLE CARBON OIL CO.—Meadville, Pa. Dealers and Dealers in Choice Illuminating Oil. Orders for the best grades of Kerosene, Rock, or Petroleum Oil supplied at short notice, and respectfully solicited. JOHN CASTLE, Agent, Ashtabula, Ohio. 75

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Agents.

B. FASSETT, Agent for the Purchase, Sale, & Leasing of Real Estate, on Negotiating Loans, Collection of Debts, etc. Property sold for Commission only, and on no charge. A sale, direct or indirect, will be a commission. Main Street, Ashtabula, Ohio. Also, take a commission. 88

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LIUSSAVAGE, Furniture Dealer and Manufacturer, Main Street, Ashtabula, Ohio. 100

Livery Stables.

H. F. & J. C. CULVER, have removed to the Flax House Stable, where they offer to the citizens of Ashtabula the use of the best equipped Livery Stable in Ashtabula County. At prices that range, but just above the prevailing standard. Call and see. Nov. 1, 1860. 101

Miscellaneous.

D. S. WILLIAMS, Wholesale dealer in Straw Goods, Hats, Caps, Umbrellas, Parasols, etc. 102 and 107 Chambers St., and 102 E. 12th St., New York.

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TIME TABLE OF THE CLEVELAND & ERIE RAIL ROAD.

Passenger Trains will run as follows:

GOING WEST.

GOING EAST.

Trains do not stop at stations where the time is omitted in the above table.

All through Trains going Westward, connect at Cleveland with Trains for Toledo, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, etc.

All through Trains going Eastward, connect at Dunkirk with the Trains of N. Y. & E. R. R. and at Buffalo, with those of N. Y. Central, and Buffalo & N. Y. City Railroads, for New York, Albany, Boston, Niagara Falls, etc.

A. C. HUBBARD, Station Agent. CLEVELAND, Nov. 4, 1861.

More New Goods!

THE Undersigned has just returned from New York with a

Fresh Stock of Merchandise.

Embroidered all the latest Varieties brought in. Also several Departments, which he offers on "Cash for Ready Pay" as low as any other dealer, here or elsewhere.

Remember, for CASH or READY PAY, after the War is over, Ashtabula, Nov. 14, 1861. Geo. Willard.

Ladies Dress Goods—Plain and figured Merinos, plain and figured Coburgs, plain and figured Delaines, embroidered and printed Reppes, Poplins, Delaines, Valenciennes, black and colored Silks, in great variety.

Prints and Ginghams—a large assortment, very cheap.

White Goods of every description.

Flannels, a great variety—all wool.

Shawls—A splendid lot of all wool Long Shawls. Also Broche, long and square—cheap.

Hoop Skirts, all styles and prices.

Gloves and Hosiery—A large stock, very cheap.

Sheetings—Bleached and brown—a full assortment heavy and fine.

Cotton Warm—a fine assortment of all numbers cheap for the times.

Cotton Batts, Wadding, Wicking and Twine.

Cloths—a full stock of Beaver and heavy Coatings, Broad Cloths, Ladies' Cloths, Cassimeres, Sateenets, Kentucky Jeans, Tweeds, Vestings, etc. &c.

Clothing—Fall Suits got up on short notice. All kinds of work made to order. Cutting at all times. A full assortment of Tailor's Trimmings, etc.

Boots and Shoes—a choice lot of the very best work made, not only good but cheap.

Hats and Caps—a general stock of both Men's and Boys.

Crockery—a fresh new stock, just opened.

Glass Ware—a fine assortment, including a large stock of Coal Oil Lamps, which will compete with any thing in the market, in beauty or price.

2000 other kinds of Dry Goods and Yankee Notions not enumerated in the foregoing, to be found at the old popular stand of

Geo. Willard.

Groceries—In Family Groceries we have a large and very choice supply.

Drugs and Medicines—a fresh supply of all the leading and desirable articles of Drugs.

Hardware and Saddlery—The Best and most extensive assortment of Shelf and Heavy Hardware in the county.

Paints, Oils, &c.—White Lead, Zinc and Mineral Paints, Red Lead, Yellow Ochre, Venetian Red, Paris Green, Chrome Green, and every description of artist Paints. Also Lin. seed Oil, Turpentine, Varnishes, &c. cheap.

Iron, Steel, &c.—a full and complete assortment.

Nails—200 kegs, assorted sizes—cheap.

Glass and Putty—The largest and most general assortment of Window Glass ever before brought into Ashtabula. Also, Putty, Whiting, &c. very cheap.

Remember, if you have the Money to pay for goods and can get the value of it, call at

Geo. Willard's.

Finally, if you have any kind of Produce to sell for Cash, or Exchange for Goods, bring it to the old and well tried stand of

Ashtabula, Nov. 14, '61. G. WILLARD.

LADIES' CLOTH—For Cloaks—Black, Dress, Gray and Brown—double and single width, sold in the cheapest in town, at

MORRISON'S.

Pork! Pork!!

BEST BROAD SIDE Pork at 8 cents per pound, can be found at

MORRISON'S.

BOOTS & SHOES—1500 pairs Boots and Shoes, just received, which offer 25 per cent cheaper than have been sold in this town for five years. Try him and see. JNO. P. ROBERTSON'S.

OATS! OATS!—1000 bushels of Oats for sale by

CHAS. L. 1861.

COAL OIL by the Gallon, Can or Barrel of as good quality, and at low prices as can be found in the county. Write for prices at

H. L. MORRISON'S.

NAIIS and GLASS, of the best quality, in the county. Write for prices at

H. L. MORRISON'S.

The Game of Life.

BY JOHN G. BAXE.

There's a game made in fashion—I think it's called Luck.

(Though I never have played it for pleasure or luck.)

In which, when the cards are in certain positions The players appear to have changed their positions.

And one of them cries in a confident tone: "I think I may venture to go it alone!"

While watching the game, 'tis a whim of the bard's

A mortal to draw from the shroud of cards, And to fancy he finds, in the trivial strife, Some excellent hints for the Battle of Life!

Where—whether the prize be a ribbon or throne—The winner is he who can "go it alone!"

When great Galileo proclaimed that the world In a regular orbit was ceaselessly whirling, And got—not a convert—for all of his pains, But only derision, and prison, and chains,

"It moves for all that!" was his answering tone, For he knew like the earth he could go it alone!

When Kepler, with intellect piercing star, Discovered the laws of each planet and star, And doctors who ought to have lauded his fame, Derided his learning and blackened his name,

"I can wait!" he replied, till the truth you shall own;

For he felt in his heart he could "go it alone!"

Alas for the player who depends, In the struggle of life, upon kindred or friends, Whatever the value of blessings like these, They can never atone for inglorious ease.

Not comfort the coward who finds, with a groan That his crotchets have left him to "go it alone!"

There's something, no doubt, in the hand you may hold—

The fortunate owner may fairly regard Each one, in its way, a most excellent card;

Yet the game may be lost with all these for your own.

Unless you have courage to "go it alone!"

In battle or business, whatever the game, In law or in love it is even the same;

In the struggle for power or scrabble for pelf, Let this be your motto—"Rely on Yourself!"

For, whether the prize be a ribbon or throne, The victor is he who can "go it alone!"

From Shadow to Sunshine.

BY DOUGLAS GREENE.

For nearly six months, counting from the day after the Ball Run discomfiture, a heavy load has rested upon the heart of the Nation.

That defeat was so needless, so unexpected, so utter—it evinced such incompetency or insincerity on the part of our military leaders, such inconstancy and mutual distrust among our soldiers, and evoked such exhibition of cowardice and baseness among the people, that its incidents and fruits might well have driven a hero to despair.

The sudden disappearance of the National flag from nine-tenths of the dwellings which had till then proudly displayed it, the downcast gaze and bated breath of the great majority of loyal citizens, the unaccounted for thinly disguised exaltation of those who in the loyal States at heart sympathized with the traitors, the gloating zest wherewith every shameful detail of the panic and flight was blazoned in the leading European journals, the eager and confident denunciation of aristocrats and reactionists that the Union was irretrievably broken up, and that we were far more likely to dissolve into five or six nations than to be reunited into one, the slowness (for a time) of recruiting, the meagreness of our pecuniary resources, and the narrow limits of our public credit, all pointed to our National dissolution as inevitable and all but accomplished.

The check at Wilson's Creek, the abandonment of Western Missouri, the surrender of Lexington, the repulse at Belmont, the stupid sacrifice at Ball's Bluff, formed a succession of disheartening incidents which well-nigh broke the National heart. Impartial observers were led to esteem the slavholding Confederacy a fixed fact—an ugly one, indeed, but none the less certain or stable on that account.

To European authorities and journalists of despotic or monarchial tendencies, it seemed as absurd to talk of restoring the Union as of resubjugating South America to Spain.

True, the clouds were not altogether without a silver lining. The capture of Hatteras, the defeat of 2,000 rebels at Springfield by the heroic charge of Fremont's body-guard of barely 300, the reduction of Fort Royal, the brilliant affair of Draneville, and some minor successes, attributed to save the drooping spirits of the people from sinking into utter despair. Yet, to a superficial glance, the rebellion seemed as strong, as compact, as defiant, as on the 1st of the current month as it had done the day after Ball Run, or at any former period. And the popular dissatisfaction with the torpor and ineffectiveness of our vastarmies was impelled quite as much by despair of success and desire speedily to know the worst, as by confident and joyous hope that active and earnest warfare would soon terminate the rebellion.

The victory of Mill Spring, near Somerset, Kentucky, first broke the spell which was fast paralyzing the National energies. For this victory we are primarily indebted to the rebel chief, who, finding his supplies running short in a barren, destitute, thinly inhabited region, and misled by a spy's assurance that he had but two or three regiments in front of Somerset, resolved to advance and suddenly attack rather than brave the certain evils of either standing still or retreating. He made his dash and was badly routed, which only proves, not that he decided unwisely, but that he was misled by false information. Zollicoffer fell, Crittenden fled, their force lost its tents, magazines and guns, and was all but destroyed; so Crittenden is stoutly accused of treason and reproached as an incapable commander beside being an incorporeable soul. Had he retreated without fighting, he would probably have been accused still more roundly of betraying the rebel cause by timidity and cowardice. Hard is the lot of the unlucky, but especially of the unlucky in war.

The victory of Mill Spring was the virtual destruction of the routed army, numbering nearly ten thousand men. Its cannon, tents, wagons, horses, ammunition and provisions, (such as they were,) were left in its entrenched camp or lost at the crossing of the river. The men with their arms and knapsacks, (so many as had knapsacks and did not discard them to accelerate flight,) hardly stopped running at Knoxville, fully seventy-five miles from the scene of their defeat. Probably less than three thousand of the whole number are this day in the rebel camps; for volunteers whose first experience in campaigning has been so rugged as theirs are apt to make for their homes when a forced and precipitate retreat in that direction dissolves their cohesion and compels each to seek safety and sustenance wherever he may happen to find them.

He whose first experience as a rebel soldier is summed up in three months of expense, piratical and hardship, ending in a crushing defeat is very likely to improve the opportunity afforded by a disorderly flight to get out of the way of a repetition of that discipline. The battle of Mill Spring resulted in no mere defeat of the rebel army of East Tennessee, but in its practical annihilation.

No less conclusive were the initial successes of the Burnside Expedition. That expedition was so long in preparation that the rebel leaders understood its destination before it started quite as well as did its projectors, and made their preparations accordingly; the entire control of the system of Southern Railroads enabled them to concentrate troops and munitions to any desired extent. But when, after displaying its strength at Annapolis and again in Hampton Roads, in full view of many rebels, among whom were doubtless some spies, that expedition steamed slowly to Hatteras, and there encountered tempest after tempest by which several of its most important vessels were wrecked, being compelled to remain there not days merely but weeks, patiently working craft that drew nine feet through tortuous channels over a bar whose highest water was but eight, and seeing stores sacrificed and precious lives lost in the process, it may be fairly concluded that its strength was fully known to the rebels, and their preparations made accordingly. They might have abandoned Roanoke Island; they might have placed 25,000 men within its defenses; they chose not to exceed 5,000, because they deemed that number sufficient. In fact, it did not serve to test the strength and prowess of its loyal conquerors, who swept its chief stronghold at the first charge as though it had been a brush fence, and captured all who did not promptly flee from the island as if they had been so many sheep. When it is seen that our total loss on that island was less than two hundred, European soldiers will hardly believe it was fortified at all, or if fortified, that it was seriously defended.

The capture of Elizabeth City, with the destruction of the rebel flotilla which had there taken refuge when its stockade across Croatan Sound was forced by our fleet, afforded a signal example of the systematic falsehood whereby the South was goaded into and has been made to persist in rebellion. The Unionists have no more reason to burn a Southern city than to rob a church. Hampton, Virginia, was the first village committed to the flames, and how was immediately sent up by the rebel press over the vandalism of the Yankee miscreants who thus charged upon the homes of the innocent and lowly; yet a few days established incontrovertibly the truth that it was fired exclusively by rebels under the express order of Gen. Magruder! So Elizabeth City was wantonly, madly, diabolically fired by the routed and fleeing traitors, with no more excuse or chance of advantage than can be derived from the hope of making the ignorant and simple believe the detested Yankees the authors of that shameful ruin. How long can a people be thus deceived and misled to their own destruction?

Our recent and overwhelming triumphs in the capture of Fort Henry on the Tennessee and Fort Donelson on the Cumberland—forts by which the rebel leaders vainly sought to bar the entrance of the armies of the Union into their best fighting State—I leave to be narrated and discussed in other columns; but this; but one significant fact stands broadly out on the face of the record which cannot be gainsaid and is in substance admitted by all rebels.

After the capture of Fort Henry, three or four small wooden gun-boats stood off the Tennessee River through the entire extent of the State to which its name, and to the head of steamboat navigation at Florence, Alabama—the whole distance through a cotton-growing region, and one which, unlike East Tennessee, had been utterly submissive to the traitor authorities ever since the pretended secession of their State. In that voyage of 250 miles up an important river, and back again to its mouth, through the heart of what is known as a rebel region, not one shot was fired at the Union vessels, not one feeling of hostility was manifested, but evidences of welcome and of joy were everywhere proffered; hospitalities and gratuitous supplies were pressed upon our officers; volunteers to man their vessels were readily obtained; grave men went with joy at the sight of the old flag under which they had lived, and meant to die; and simple assurances were given that if arms could be supplied, thousands on thousands would eagerly fight throughout that whole region for the overthrow of the reign of despotism and terror and the re-establishment of the mild and beneficent sway of the American Union. And our officers were positively assured that the pretended popular vote of Tennessee for secession was carried by violence and intimidation, after the pattern of Pro-Slavery triumphs in Kansas—that it did embody the true sentiment of the people, but only of the desperate, traitorous, overbearing faction which, by means of secret associations and pass-words, has conspired to absorb all power into its hands.

Say, if you will, that these statements are one-sided, the great fact of the passage of those gunboats up and down the Tennessee without receiving a shot or encountering an evidence of hostility above Fort Henry, remains in all its force. Fancy a rebel squadron passing up the Penobscot, the Connecticut, the Wabash to the head of navigation, with similar absence of hos-

tility and evidences of welcome, its officers being invited at Bangor, at Hartford, or at Terre Haute, to a ball not at all of the Armstrong or Minnie variety. Such a reception is utterly out of the question.

This war, unless prolonged by new treacheries or denser stupidities on the part of our own officers, draws plainly to its close. A rebellion fomented without a grievance may subside as suddenly and as causelessly as it arose. It would not be strange if to-morrow's telegraph brought tidings that New Orleans, Mobile, Galveston, or even a whole State had seceded from Secession, and declared for the restoration of the Union. But it is more discreet to presume that the latter end of the God and man will be marked by atrocities which surpass any that have preceded them—that its desperation will give birth to new crimes, new outrages, and (if possible) new falsehoods. We must not expect an unbroken series of triumphs, even though the back of the rebellion be broken, but that the clouds that lately hid the skies, though scattered, may still have power fully to obscure the sunshine of National integrity, security, and tranquility. But let each resolve that no reverse shall daunt or obstruct him from henceforth, but that he will freely do his utmost to sustain and strengthen the Government in its arduous struggle, and the 4th of July will see as once more united, delivered from all our perils, and in full enjoyment of the blessings of order and peace.

A Yankee Courtship.

Well, you